1:Campbell E-5 (1954-1955)1964
EH14 Sarakatsani EH14
Zagori

the pallikari, so the fact that she is not yet a wife and mother allows the maiden to cultivate her shame which lies in her seclusion from the outside world and the denial of her sexuality. This is scarcely possible for a married woman. Not only must she submit to her husband's sexual embraces but her practical duties take her to some extent into the world outside her huts.

The maiden's cultivation of her shame demands that her clothes hide her femininity. Her hair is hidden under a black cotton scarf. A girl who by artifice or accident allows her scarf to become frequently undone gains an evil reputation. The only concession to the display of the hair is that girls grow their hair long, plaited into pigtails. The length of these pigtails, often artificially increased, is a point of pride and beauty. Thick, black, homespun blouses and woollen cardigans are buttoned to the neck and the wrists. The breasts are not supported and the shapeless bodice of the blouse effectively prevents the least hint of a provocative contour. A black woollen skirt is worn to the ankles. Generally as many as three thick underskirts are also worn under this. The general impression of the whole costume is one of shapelessness. The shame which is felt at the exposure of the body, even when no other person is present, means that undergarments are not changed for long periods and the body between the neck and the ankles is never washed. In contrast the hair is washed at least once a week, and the face, hands, and feet once or twice each day.

After she reaches the age of sixteen or seventeen a maiden must discipline her movements. No movement even in domestic labour must be hurried. She ought to walk with a slow and deliberate step. In the dance she must not lift her feet more than an inch or two from the ground. A girl who is seen running risks ridicule and a reputation for shamelessness. If, by evil chance, she were to fall backwards 'with her legs in the air' (ἀνάσκελα) she would virtually lose her honour. A girl should be proud but in a sense different from male pride. Thus she ought to be tall with an upright carriage, but with a gaze which is downcast, not level, and an expressive attitude which is directed inwards, not outwards.

A maiden ought to be secluded, as far as this is possible, from the gaze of the outside world. Not only does this guard her name against slander but, if she is unhealthy or ugly, it may

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775 from the grave and haunts the folds and blights the pastures.

585 A recent unpublished source casts new light on
[114] the obscure drama of nomad marriages. I have mentioned in reference to the Mani the sword which, by sympathetic magic, is said to cleave asunder the bonds of fear and shyness between the two married strangers when they are finally alone together. In Sarakatsán embraces, a blade plays a
[352] still more immediate role. Alone in the hut, lying on cut branches padded with blankets — for there is never a bridal bed or a sheet and only the strictest minimum of undressing — the groom, with a sudden masterful swoop, leaps athwart the bride, seizes her by the scruff of her neck, and with bared teeth and burning eyes, lays the edge of a dagger at her throat. Most strangely, this time-honored stratagem works; timidity boils up into hot blood on either side, confusion is ripped to shreds, the dagger is flung away, and the union is driven home and fiercely clinched in a lightning tussle.

834 The nomad approach to all feminine physio-
● 515 logical troubles is primitive, deep, and dark. They never undress — all exposure is anathema to them — and there is some truth in the village rumors that they never wash. Oddly, they scarcely smell at all, perhaps because of the time-stiffened
764 carapace of clothing which encases them. The author of the unpublished material I have already mentioned was present at the death of an old Sarakatsánissa. There was no undoing the thick geometric livery in which she was cocooned, so it was torn open with a knife, sending the bystanders reeling back like the people depicted on
513 icons at the Raising of Lazarus. When she mar-
[525] ries, a girl is no longer a member of her own family, and sometimes she never sees it again; she is a slave to her husband and his womenfolk, a stranger in strangers' tents. It was the rule in the stern old days that no wife should address her husband in the first years of her marriage; he, in his turn, would never call her by name; and many years and many births had to pass before they would converse in public.

766 Charon, Death, is a permanent presence and the most natural of companions. A nomad who perishes in the mountains goes unhouseled and un-
122 aneled. If he should die on the road — and the
[655] nomads' two yearly migrations, geared to the slow gait of the flocks, may take twenty-five or thirty days — he is laid across a pack beast, and after the body is unloaded, a candle is lit for him three
654 evenings running and a cup of wine placed "for his soul to drink from." If a *tsellingas* falls mortally ill, the bells are muffled; and if he dies, all the animals, even the bellwethers, are disarmed in
764 mourning. When men turn fifty and women
[767] thirty, all the nomads, however hale they are,

/268 cont./

776 descriptions of satyrs. Sharp claws and piercing cries are attributed to them. In order to prevent them from entering the hut, the entrance door
776 789 is covered with wild asparagus (the thorny shrub repulsing the evil), [824] asphodel bulbs (the flower of the dead according to Hellenic beliefs, [412] hence indicated for exorcising underground demons), (56). One may also [312]

56. The bulbs symbolize life. They are dry but sprout once they are planted. Thus any threat against life in the broad sense of the term can be neutralized by them.

instead place there the xethali of the hearth (see above, p. 44, figure 15), that type of poker symbolizes the fire and therefore its purifying force. However, the kalikantzari take advantage of the slightest opportunity to enter the hut. So to protect oneself from their wicked tricks it is necessary to avoid sitting too near the hearth of leaving there an uncovered pot, and to see that all the dishes are put back--precautions which prevent these spirits from soiling men, utensils and food. It is also necessary to drive a fork into raw meat [the prongs of the fork threaten to painfully prick the "kalikantzari"). One must also avoid washing one's [515] head and combing one's hair during the days when the kalikantzari move about on the earth, in order to give them no opportunity to get into one's hair, "for the acts of men influence the spirits." If the kalikantzari
776 789 262 252 dirty the food it is no longer edible. A Sarakatsani told us that one day during the Christmas festivities, his mother and he had roasted some pieces of meat for their lunch on the embers of the hearth in their hut. This meat seemed tasteless to them. They first thought they had not added enough salt. In the evening they prepared some of the same meat in a pot. This time the taste was truly abominable. They then realized that they [251] had forgotten to stick a fork into the piece of raw meat /269/ hanging in its usual place in a corner of the hut; they concluded that the kalikantzari had urinated on it.

776 789 However, the radical procedure that puts an end to their sojourn among

/340 cont./

765 On the third, ninth and fortieth day after death, and on the day
769 of the first anniversary, there is a solemn commemoration of the deceased. The practices relating to these ceremonies involve, according to the orthodox rite, the preparation of the cakes of the dead, the kolyva (17)

17. A practice which, according to M. Nilsson: Ἑλλην. Λαϊκαὶ Ἀντιλ. pp. 28-29 goes back to classical antiquity. It is connected with the festival of Anthesteria (third day, festival of the dead).

--grains of boiled wheat put on a plate and covered with sugar--symbolizing the body. They are put on the ground, as we know, the people weep and
[533] sing the miroloia, then they carry them to the church where the parish priest says prayers for the repose of the soul of the deceased.

769 Commemoration of the 40th day and of the first anniversary includes a feast served to individuals who took part in the service. On this occasion a lamb is sacrificed. The next of kin do not sit at the table on the 40th day, /341/ but participate at the anniversay feast. If the dead person was the father of a family, a loaf is prepared which the eldest son, at the time of the feast, must place on his head and break, saying: "May God grant my father forgiveness." The commemoration feasts
[533] are always accompanied by miroloia.

[765] The Sarakatsani do not forget their dead. If they find themselves in a locality near the cemetery where their dead are buried, it is customary, at least during the first weeks of mourning, for the women to go there at twilight to weep on the grave while uttering heart-rendering cries.
769 Moreover, the days consecrated to the dead by the Church (the two
796 Saturdays before Lent, Saint Theodore, etc.) kolyva will be prepared
[784] for all the deceased of the family. On these days it is forbidden to wash
[307] one's head and comb one's hair, this action inviting death to get tangled
[515] up in the hair of the living and strike someone!
[761]
[796]

/341 cont./

769 up in the hair of the living and strike someone! For Saint Lazarus,
796 psychoùdia, small loaves that the women prepare the day before are
[785] distributed among the huts. Those /women/ who are not "clean"--a
[341] term that designates equally the women who are menstruating, those who
[833] have had sexual relations with their husbands the night before, and also
[515] those who have not washed their bodies--may not take part in their
[596] preparation. It is the eldest daughter of the family who must distribute /the loaves/, and if there are no daughters, the mother.

769 Now, from the description of this ritual one must conclude that the forgiveness of the dead by the living is expressed solemnly, collectively and with the concurrence of the Church which adds its forgiveness to that of men.

[178] Nevertheless, through this same ritual we see the ancient pre-Christian beliefs about the life cycle integrated with Christian ideas, but re-interpreted in terms of the latter.

761 The symbolism of the acts and materials used is very clear,
764 especially after our analysis of magic: earth (placing the body and
789 the kolyva on the ground-during the interment the relatives must throw a
182 handful of earth on the eyes of the dead person); grain (koluva--psychoùdia); woman (weeping, preparing and distributing kolyva and psychoùdia); resurrection of a person of distinction (Saint Lazarus), etc., all are harnessed to implement the ceaseless regeneration and repetition of life. The great creative forces of the universe will intervene, thanks to these acts whose efficacy lies in the postulates of mythic transmission and of representation. The deceased, like the seed, is put in the earth to disintegrate and produce new life. The sacrifice of /342/ the lamb during
[782] the funeral feasts adds its influence. A life is offered for another life
[779] which must one day appear to replace that which has faded out.

1:Sanders Z-514 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
Vlachs EH15
Sarakatsani EH14

health. A third effect is that agriculture is almost impossible and is in consequence despised. Finally, home comforts must be portable. That is why an abundance of rugs, blankets, carpets, and cushions seen in these migrations is a sign of wealth.

But what of the Sarakatsani, the Greek-speaking group? [10] Already on a recent drive between Thebes, Lamia, and Volos, cities in Boeotia and Thessaly, I had looked down from the winding mountain roads into their small winter settlements of conical reed huts and circular reed sheepfolds. As we had passed we found the men and boys with their flocks not far from the road. We stopped to pass the time of day.

"How is the pasture this year?"

"Not very good" was the cautious reply.

"Are you Koutso-Vlachs or Sarakatsani?"

"We are Sarakatsani, but we also are Greeks."

Nearer Volos we found that the Sarakatsani, who originally had their huts just on the outskirts of the village, had settled down, building permanent homes. It was a striking contrast to see the reed hut a few feet away from the square mud-brick and mud-plaster house and to know that in case the family got too large some of the members would retire to the old hut and get along very well.

It was in Kalpaki, however, a settlement beyond Ioannina toward the Albanian border, at the edge of the Iron Curtain, that we enjoyed true Sarakatsani hospitality. Actually a Greek peasant village, its members had been increased by the forty Sarakatsani families settling there since the war, primarily to take advantage of the land left untilled by people moving away from disturbed frontier conditions. These forty families really had another village, Kato-Pethini, one-and-a-half-hours walking distance farther up the mountains, where they had their stone houses — something exceptional for those supposed to be Skenites (tent dwellers). Since they were working the fields around Kalpaki, it was here they now lived all the year around, apparently content with their reed houses, most of which followed a rectangular pattern rather than the more common circular shape. The women handled most of the agricultural tasks, but the men went back to the old Kato-Pethini with the flocks and returned to Kalpaki every ten or fifteen days for a change of clothing and a bath. Konstantin, a twenty-two-year-old youth whom we found grazing his sheep around the edges of the cultivated Kalpaki fields, had come down below with his flock for that purpose.

He invited us into the hut to meet his mother and sisters. We first entered the anteroom of the simple reed structure, from which chickens flew out as we came in. There we saw the woolly puppies that would grow up to be the menacing sheep dogs so necessary for the shepherd when alone with his flock. There also was the inevitable water barrel and near the cooking hearth the *ghastra*, the dome-shaped cover that is like a dutch oven. We